

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complain
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'll weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Somet.

*Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Bucking-
ham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick,
and the Duchesse.*

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or Yorke, all's one to me.
Yorke. If Yorke haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ship.
Som. If Somerset be vnworthy of the Place,
Let Yorke be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, Yorke is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
Warw. Warwick may liue to be the best of all.
Salisb. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this?
Queene. Because the King forsooth will haue it so.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To giue his Censure: These are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.
Suff. Resigne it then, and leaue thine insolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wracke,
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie.
Card. The Commons haue thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lankt and leane with thy Exortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attire
Haue cost a trifle of publike Treasurie.
Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Vpon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humfrey.
Giue me my fanne: what, Myntion, can ye not?
She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:
Could I come nere your Beaurie with my Nayles,
I could set thy ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,
Shee shall not strike Dame Eleanor vnreueug'd.
Exit Eleanor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humfrey, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,
Shee'll gallop farre enough to her destruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your spightfull false Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That Yorke is most vnmeet of any man.
Yorke. Ile tell thee, Suffolk, why I am vnmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I dane't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.
Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-strong Warwick,
Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.
Yorke. Dost any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor?
King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are
these?
Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,
And that your Maiestie was an Usurper.
King. Say man, were these thy words?
Armorer. And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd
nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am
falsely accus'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scow-
ring my Lord of Yorke's Armor.
Yorke. Base Danghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:
I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.
Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the
words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-
rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his
knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witnesse
of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast
away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.
King. Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?
Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
Let Somerset be Regent o're the French,
Because in Yorke this breeds suspition;
And let these haue a day appointed them
For single Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke Humfrey's doome.

Som. I

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.
Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake
pitty my case: the spight of man preuayleth against me.
O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to
fight a blow: O Lord my heart.
Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of
Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come
Somerset, wee'll see thee sent away.
Flourish. Exit.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Humf. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you ex-
pects performance of your promises.
Bulling. Master Humf, we are therefore provided: will
her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?
Humf. I, what else? feare you not her courage.
Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of
an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master
Humf, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie be-
low; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.
Exit Humf.
Mother Jordan, be you prostrate, and grouell on the
Earth; Iohn Southwell reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Eleanor aloft.

Eleanor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To
this geere, the sooner the better.
Bulling. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,
The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,
And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;
That time best fits the worke we haue in hand.
Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,
Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

*Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,
Bullingbrooke or Southwell reade, Coniuro
te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens
terribly: then the Spirit
riseth.*

Spirit. Ad sum.
Witch. Asmath, by the eternall God,
Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
Answer that I shall aske: for till thou speake,
Thou shalt not passe from hence.
Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and
done.
Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him be-
come?
Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.
Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?
Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?
Spirit. Let him shun Castles,
Safest shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.
Bulling. Descend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:
False Fiend auoide,
Thunder and Lightning. *Exit Spirit.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke and
with their Guard.*

Yorke. Lay hands vpon the
Beldam I thinke we watch
What Madame, are you there?
Are deeply indebted for
My Lord Protector will, I
See you well guerdon'd for
Eleanor. Not halfe so ba-
Inurious Duke, that threat
Buck. True Madame, no
Away with them, let them
And kept asunder: you Ma-
Stafford take her to thee.
Wee'll see your Trinkets h
All away.
Yorke. Lord Buckingham, m
A pretty Plot, well chosen
Now pray my Lord, let's fee
What haue we here?
The Duke yet liues, that Henry
But him out-lie, and dye a vi
Why this is iust. *Alas, each*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits th
By Water shall he dye, and tak
What shall betide the Duk
Let him shunne Castles,
Safest shall he be vpon the sand
Then where Castles mounted
Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly ar
And hardly vnderstood.
The King is now in progress
With him, the Husband of t
Thither goes these Newes,
As fast as Horse can carry th
A sorry Breakfast for my L
Buck. Your Grace shall giue
To be the Poste, in hope of
Yorke. At your pleasure,
Who's within there, hoe?
Enter a Se
Inuite my Lords of Salisbu
To suppe with me to morrow